

THE STATE JOURNAL.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF TOPEKA

By FRANK P. MACLENNAN.

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WEATHER INDICATIONS.

Washington, Jan. 10.—For Kansas:
Forecast till 8 p. m. Thursday: Warmer in southern and eastern portion tonight;
cooler in northern portion by Thursday
evening; southerly winds, becoming east-
erly.

THE meat inspector of Atchison is
charged by members of the council with
embezzling \$3,000 or \$4,000 collected in
fees from a number of Atchison firms.
He had left the city.

A good many people are predicting
lower prices for hogs, but the Cincinnati
Price Current's report shows that from
November 1 to January 1, the number
of hogs packed was 2,450,000 against
2,740,000 for the same period the year
previous. This shows a decrease for the
first half of the packing season of this
year of 285,000 hogs. Some of this
shortage will be made good by heavier
average weights, but indications now
are that the hog producer this year will
not exceed that of last year.

A right has broken out among the Repub-
licans in Wyandotte county, which
will result in the party in that county be-
ing split open if it is not brought to an
end pretty soon. Geo. W. Martin, editor
of the Gazette, has been mentioned as
a candidate for governor. In order to kill
him off Mayor Barnes of Kansas City,
Kan., has also been brought out as a can-
didate. Now Editor Martin has made a
vigorous attack on Barnes in his paper,
the Gazette, and feeling runs high. Dem-
ocrats may walk away with Wyandotte
county next year.

This town of Randall in Jewell county,
in this state, is laboring under probably
the most unusual and ridiculous state of
affairs ever known. The township line
runs through the main business street of
Randall. On one side of the street the
voters have to go three miles to deposit
their ballots, while on the other side the
polling place is about seven miles away.
If the town succeeds in changing this
evil, it is believed that Jewell county
will hereafter be Republican, as many
voters stay away from the polls on ac-
count of business.

The waterworks system of Leaven-
worth would seem to need improving.
The pipes seem to be the winter quarters
of the frog family, who after their final
fall croak betake themselves to the water-
works and are pumped up into the city.
There was no school in one of the school
houses the other day because there was
no water to heat the steam pipes with.
After a great deal of digging it was
found that four frogs had got fast in the
service pipe in the building. The work-
men captured all but one, which got away
in the direction of Hon. Lucien
Baker's residence.

The Chicago Inter-Ocean of Monday
contained the following: "F. C. Gay,
Topeka, Kan., is at the Victoria. Mr.
Gay is one of the high officials of the
Santa Fe route, and can be termed a
frontier railroad man. His first service was
at a dismal, lonely station on the Kansas
Pacific, before the Santa Fe had a rail
down, about three miles from Fort Wallace.
Next he got to Lawrence, the
Athens of Kansas, and then taking on
with the Santa Fe he has served all
along the line up to Mexico, having been
its agent at El Paso in the halcyon days
when everything was wide open. In that
Rio Grande town, after the true western
style."

The young man on the morning paper
who writes the double headed column editorials
that four people read, unloaded
himself of another one this morning on
the Robson affair. The idea of a double-
headed column editorial on such a trivial
matter! The Capital having now assured
a half dozen tame-killing readers that
the JOURNAL is a miserable excuse of a
newspaper and convinced the same individuals
that Shakspeare's "Hamlet" would have been a much better produc-
tion with the "Prince of Denmark" out of
town when the play was advertised to be
produced—having demonstrated these
things to its satisfaction, now let it take a
bottle of disordered liver specific followed
by soothing syrup. The editor of the
Capital, who is now tutoring the kid in
charge of his paper to quit parsonnities in
which the public has little interest,

take a dose of the bile beans advertised
in the Capital's own columns, keep his
fingers away from the buzz saw of the
STATE JOURNAL, which (paper by the
way, the major will please note, on his
return to again mingle with us working
slaves here at home, has the greatest
telegraphic and local news reports over-
printed by a Kansas newspaper and which
aforesaid newspaper is shaking up the
dry bones of certain sleepy contemporaries
in a way which is causing them to
do more than rub their eyes. Life
however, is too agreeable in Topeka and
news space too valuable to devote more
of either to the chisel and judas who
may be temporarily in charge of a rival
newspaper.

CHANCELLOR F. H. Snow is making his
final report for the year on the efficacy of
the chinching destruction by his eradicator,
the fatal little fungus. The Kansas
experiment station sent out during
the last season 7,000 packages of diseased
bugs in response to requests for them.
These were sent to the farmers of Kansas
and surrounding states; the great majority,
of course, going to Kansas. For the
annual report of the success of the work
of the station is expected to get returns
from at least 5,000 of the people to whom
these bugs were sent. Of these 2,000
have already responded to the call for
the result of the disease. From
the 2,000 reports in from those who
used the diseased bugs to rid their fields
of the damage by the healthy ones,
some interesting figures have been derived.
They show that in about two-thirds
of the cases where the remedy was tried
it did prove successful. This is about
the same degree of success that has at-
tended the use of the diseased bugs in
the previous years. One thing that has
operated this year as in other years,
against the more successful use of the
infected bugs, has been the fact that not all
the farmers will use them. This gives
a chance for the healthy bugs to thrive
in fields near where they are killed off,
and afterwards spread to places that have
once been ridded of them. For the coming
year the station starts out with 100,
000 diseased bugs on hand.

Mrs. Mary E. Lease told Will White,
one of the editorial writers of the Kansas
City "Star," something about her history
a few days ago. She said:

"My father was an Irish exile. He was
banished from Ireland and he fled to
America with a price set upon his head
and his property confiscated to the Eng-
lish crown. I was the first child born
from my exiled parents in America. My
earliest recollections are filled with a
struggle against every form of injustice
that came in my little world. I was liter-
ally educated and finished at Alleghany
university and when 15 years old I left
school. The poor wages paid women
aroused me and when I began teaching,
several more than a child I rebelled
against this and started a movement in
northern Pennsylvania and southern New
York for better wages for women (teachers).
Hearing that women were paid well
in the west, I came to Neosho county,
Kansas, when I was 17 years old and
taught at Osage Mission. I taught there
a few years and met Mr. Lease, who was
then a druggist, and I married him. We
lived there a number of years when Mr.
Lease got an idea that we would do better
on a farm, and we moved away out
west, to Kingman county, and took up a
claim. There I lived in the very midst
of the desert, sold out, desolate, with no
society save my children and my compa-
nions but our lonely thoughts. It was an
awful life, dreary, desolately bleak and
uninspiring. After we moved to Wichita,
where we lived nine years and I took up
the study of law, I settled with Ely & McLean. I did not get the
office much, but Mr. Ely came out to our
house and heard me recite. When I was
admitted to the bar and made my first address
to the jury the courtroom was crowded.
Very soon after I addressed a
Union labor party meeting in 1888, when
Mr. Elder was running for governor. But
my first real public appearance was in
Kansas City in 1888, where I delivered
the address of welcome at a labor con-
ference and whiped Mr. Powderly, who
at that time was in favor of labor organiza-
tions keeping out of politics. I championed
the movement and won the day.
That was my first fight. There I got my
first blood."

KANSAS PARAGRAPHS.

The Concordia Alumnus favors the "coin-
ing of paper money."

The "Appaloosa" club of Newton isn't
much on spelling, but it is great on pro-
nunciation."

Bishop Vincent's lecture is classified
by Wichita newspapers under the head
of "Passing Shows."

A roving band of Eye-talians has struck
out and is soliciting the people to
"giv-e-a-mock-mo."

The season is so far advanced at Holton
that some of the university boys have
begun to go swimming.

An Atchison minister who preaches on
"Getting out of Solom" is accused of
trying to hurt the town.

The World, since its removal to Girard,
says nothing can keep that place from
becoming a commercial center.

The Agricultural College Library at
Manhattan has 13,000 bound volumes and
4,000 pamphlets, valued at \$30,000.

Hamilton, Flinney, Chase, Koenmeyen
and Clark counties have decided to accept
the Santa Fe's offer on the tax question.

W. K. Noland, Populist member of the
board of commissioners of Reno county,
has concluded henceforth to affiliate
with the Republicans.

Why didn't the State University boys
have one of their number read a paper
on the "Improved Uses of Horses?"

Emporia Gazette: Ewing Herbert
wishes he had not undertaken that boorish
edition of the Hiawatha Ward. He has
had to stay home nearly three weeks.

Abilene Reflector: When a town gets
beyond the village stage and society
assumes "tone," people stop giving booby
prizes at card parties. Abilene has got
that far.

Newton Republican: There was a traveler
on the early morning train who
wore two cork legs. He had no trouble
in sleeping in an ordinary day couch
seat. In this particular his misfortune is
in which the public has little interest.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.
Sketch of His Character and the Essence
of His Work.

New York, Jan. 4.—A man who saw
W. D. Howells in a theater box the other
evening took the novelist for a very
large man, for his head is massive, his
neck is sturdy, and his shoulders are
broad. When the author of "Silas Lapham"
was observed later in the evening
walking about in this foyer, it was seen
that he is really below the average
height and that he is quite stooped. He
is bent, however, not by reason of weak-
ness, but from habit. For a man of his
years—he was born in 1857—he is pos-
sessed of remarkable health and strength.
He walks across Manhattan island from
river to river nearly every morning, and
this is probably one of the causes, as it
certainly is an excellent, of his excellent
physical condition.

Mr. Howells always walks east and
west when out for exercise, because his
route thus lies through parts of the city
inhabited by both the rich and the poor.
If he strolled up and down the island
from one of the avenues, he would find
a monotony of one class or the other.
New York's poor live near the river; those
who are prosperous in the higher
ground in the center of the island.

Howells himself lives in one of those
vast and costly, though unpretentious
houses with which the city abounds
and in which many of the characters in
his fiction dwell. With him live his
wife and his daughter. It is said that
this young woman inherits much of her
father's wit, and like her father she is
as bright in her talk as any of the persons
in his imagination has brought into being.
Mr. Howells does not like to speak
about his methods of work or the
men and women in his books to stand
out with such lifelike distinctness in the
books he has written.

It may be violating a confidence to
state here that his favorite among these
creations is Colville, the hero of "An
Indian Summer." It will be remembered
by those who have read the book that
Colville returned to Italy in middle life,
almost expecting in a half unconscious
sort of fashion to find renewed
happiness amid the scenes that had been so
delightful to him in his early years.
But you have seen something unusual
—something belonging to the turquoise
sky of Egypt and Algeria—something
quite out of touch with the cable cars,
the telephone and the commercial atmos-
phere of New York. The snake man
and the minn with the elastic skin belong
to the museum. So does the Egyptian
dancer. Her exhibition is a curiosity—a
pronounced one. New York, however,
says it is not fit for polite eyes. So Zuleika,
in disgust, has cried "Bah!" and fled to Hoboken.

THE DANSE DU VENTRE.

Queer, Ugly and Belongs With the Museum
Freaks, Says Kate Jordan.

New York, Dec. 21.—The danse du
ventre was abolished in New York.
Whether our sensibilities are finer, our
morals better or our minds less pure than
the people of Chicago, this, the ancient,
rhythmic motion of the muscles instead
of the limbs, the dance with which Salome
delighted Herod, has been tabooed
for once and forever.

I saw it last August in the little theater
at the end of the Cairo street. To
an observer who gazes upon it without a precon-
ceived idea that it is improper it seems marvelous
and ugly, but nothing more.

A woman, moderately pretty,
comes forward. Her gown is modest.
A small velvet jacket covers her breast. From
it to below the waist line is a silk
skirt edged by a golden rope, from
which are suspended heavy tas-
sels. The skirt reaches almost to the ankles. She
commences to sway her body in a dreamy
way, while a turbaned Turk in the background
strikes a thrumming, whirling
monotone from a one strung instrument.

The scene, the music, the dress and posture of the dancer are all unusual,
and the mind is thus prepared for a
dance quite as un-American as the surroundings.
The spectator is not disappointed. Instead of using her limbs with
the velocity of a pinwheel, as do our own
skirt dancers; high kicks, etc., she remains almost motionless except for the
clicking of her castanets, her face perfectly
expressionless, and moves the muscles
of the abdomen in time to the music.
It is queer. It is ugly. The develop-
ment resulting from the constant exercise
has not improved her figure. There is
a sameness to it, no grace whatever,
and after a bit it becomes tiresome.

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KATE JORDAN.

A PRECIOUS CANVAS.

How a Rich Chieftain Handled a Cow

Painting.

Special Correspondence.

CHICAGO, Dec. 21.—Among the pictures
that will hang on the walls of the New
York house of street railroad magnate
Charles T. Yerkes when he removes
from the lakeside to the Atlantic sea-
board metropolis will be a fine example
of the work of the eminent artist Corot.
Mr. Yerkes bought the painting some
months ago through a well known New
York art dealer, who had sent an agent
especially to Europe to procure it and had
kept it heavily insured during the time it had been in his possession.
Yerkes paid \$30,000 for the treasure,
which was but a few inches square, and
would doubtless be held in rather low
esteem by most people who do not admire
Corot's style. After he had examined
and expressed his satisfaction with
the picture in the New York establish-
ment of the dealer, the latter said to him:

"Well, Mr. Yerkes, I am very glad
you are pleased with the manner I have
executed your commission. Where shall
I send the picture and for how much
shall I have it insured?"

Mr. Yerkes looked at the dealer in sur-
prise and asked that the questions be re-
peated. When he comprehended, he an-
swered:

"Why, you needn't send it anywhere.
Just wrap it up in a piece of paper, tie a
string about it, and I'll take it with me to
Chicago. I won't have it framed now,
and I don't think it needs to be insured."

The dealer protested a little, but did
as he was told, and Mr. Yerkes departed
with the precious canvas under his arm.
When he got on the train for Chicago
that night, he gave it into the keeping of
the porter along with divers other pack-
ages and received it safely from the colored
functionary on his arrival here in
quite as good order as if it had been
sent by express and insured for a large
sum by the payment of a good, round
premium.

A man who heard this story today was
reminded of a tale that is told of a man,
who, when young, was required to convey a large sum of currency be-
tween two far western places, then con-
nected only by stage. He made sure
that no one but his principals knew that
he was to carry the money or had any
idea when it was to go. Then he packed it
in the bottom of an old carpet bag under
a lot of clothing, and when he took the
stage handed the bag to the driver to
put in the boot with the baggage of
the other passengers.

Throughout the entire journey he gave
his precious charge no more attention
than the others gave to their baggage,
simply seeing to it that it was properly
transferred when changes were made.

When he walked into the office of the
man to whom the money was sent and explained
how it had been brought, great surprise
was expressed as well as admiration
for his nerve, and it being learned
that he had no regular employment
pains were taken to find an opening for him,
through which he has since risen
to his present measure of success.

LEONARD MARTIN.

The Pullman Palace Car company
employs 14,600 persons.

Engines 959 of the New York Central
holds the record of 160 miles an hour.

Heretofore it has been necessary for a
passenger on a Pullman car to buy two
tickets before he could purchase a drawing
room in one of their cars. One can
get a drawing room on the presentation
of one first class ticket.

The winter travel on the Adirondack
division of the New York Central has in-
creased so that the company has put on
night services with through sleeping car
services from New York to the Adiron-
dack mountains and Montreal.